

CDC  
the BLUE BEETLE  
No 18

# THE BLUE

# BEETLE

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

10¢



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CRUSADER AGAINST CRIME!





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# Check the Kind of Body YOU Want! RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW

...and I'll Prove How EASILY You Can Have It!

*Charles Atlas*

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

**JUST** tell me where you want it—and I'll add **SOLID INCHES** of powerful new muscle **SO FAST** your friends will grow bug-eyed with wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your shoulders—put trip-hammer both your arms—make your legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below. I'll prove you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won't cost you a penny!

I don't care if you are 15 or 50 years old—or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. I can give you a "barrel chest" and a vise-like grip. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs—help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling. I'll wake up

## ARE YOU

Skinny, Weak and run down?  
Always tired?  
Nervous?  
Lacking in confidence?  
Constipated?  
Suffering from bad breath?  
Fat and flabby?  
Do you want to lose or gain weight?  
**WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT** is told in my **FREE BOOK**

to my present superman physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with.

When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at the artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the **DORMANT** muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid **LIVE MUSCLE**.

My method—"Dynamic Tension" will turn the trick for you. No theory—so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to **BUILD THE MUSCLE AND VITALITY** you want. And you'll be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition—prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

## FREE

Illustrated 32-Page Book. Just Mail the Coupon.

**SEND NOW** for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." (Over 3½ MILLION fellows have sent for it already.) It contains 32 pages, packed from cover to cover with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others, answers many vital questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU.

This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely **FREE**. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your whole life! Check the information you want (in the coupon below) and rush it to me personally. **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 325L, 115 East 23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.**



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12" high! Given to pupil making greatest physical improvement in the next 3 months.

## Here's The Kind of Results I Get:

"I gained 11 lbs. and 4¼ inches on my chest, 3 inches on my arms. I am never constipated."  
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"I gained 34 lbs. and increased my chest 6 inches!"

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"What a difference! Have put 3½ inches on my chest (normal) and 2½ inches expanded."

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"You changed me from a weakling to a real he-man. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle."  
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dynamo! You'll feel and look different. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

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"**DYNAMIC TENSION**!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny skinny chested weakling I was at 17

**CHARLES ATLAS, DEPT. 325L**  
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

*Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:*

(Check as many as you like)

- ☐ More Weight—Solid—in the Right Places
- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
- ☐ More Powerful Arms and Grip
- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
- ☐ Better Regularity, Digestion, Clearer Skin
- ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles
- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely **FREE** a copy of your famous book "Everlasting Health and Strength"—32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name..... Age.....  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address .....

City..... State.....

☐ If under 14 years of age check for Booklet A.

**THE BLUE BEETLE**

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# BLUE BEETLE

and the  
**MASKS**  
of  
**MYSTERY**

THE FACE OF THE MOON PRODUCES VARIED REACTIONS IN PEOPLE. SOME, IT DRIVES TO MADNESS-- OTHERS, LOVE-- OR SO THE POETS TELL US ---  
**BLUE BEETLE**, IN REALITY **DAN GARRET**, ROOKIE POLICEMAN, IS CAST INTO HIS WEIRDEST ADVENTURE, IN HIS HUNT FOR THE MACABRE **MR. MOONFACE**!

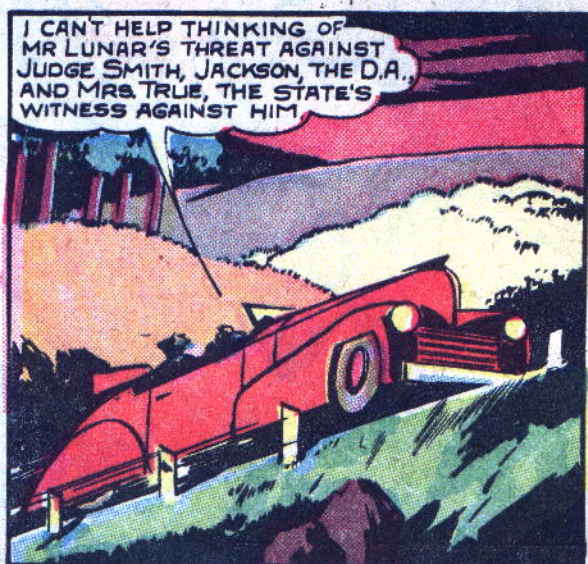
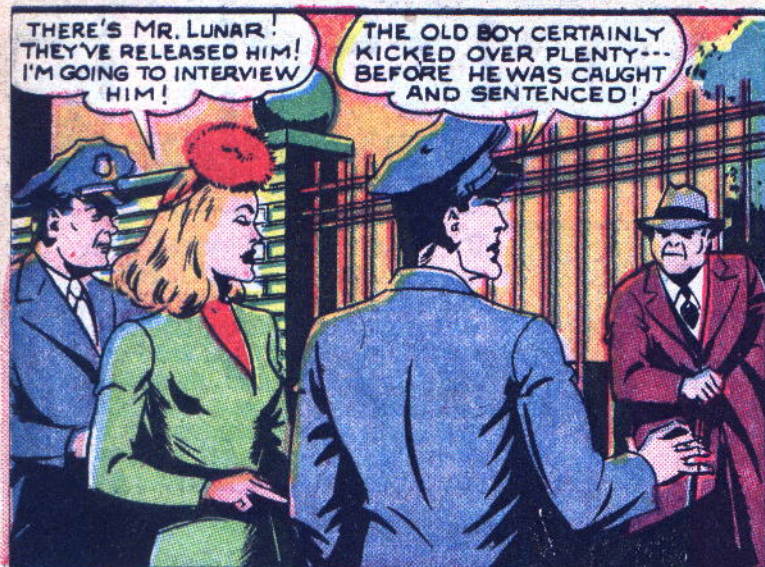
**BLUE  
BEETLE!  
HELP!**

**UGH!**

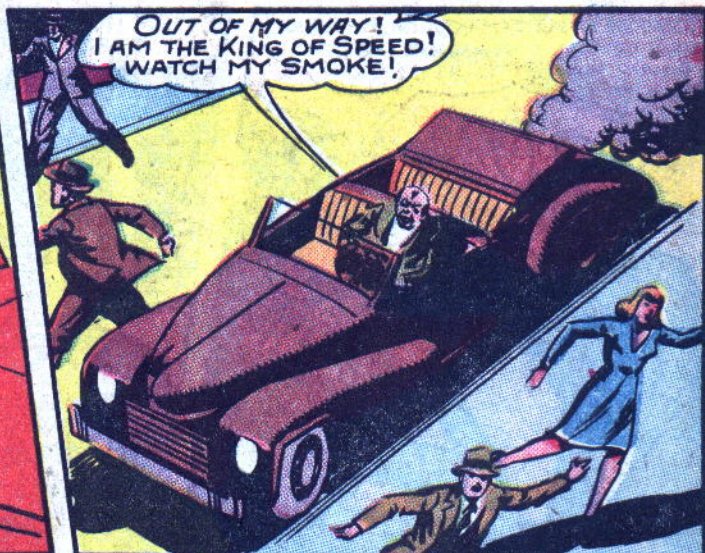
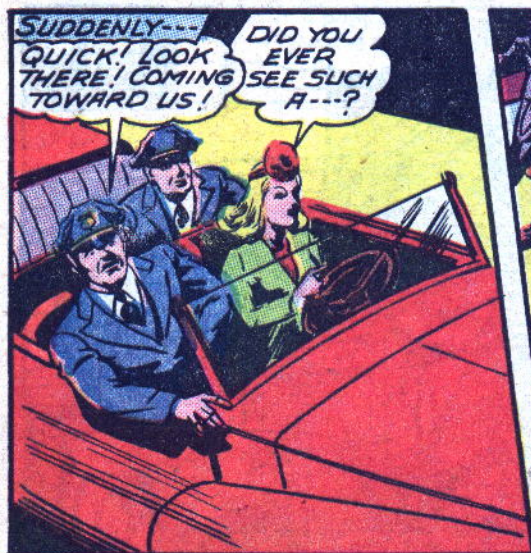
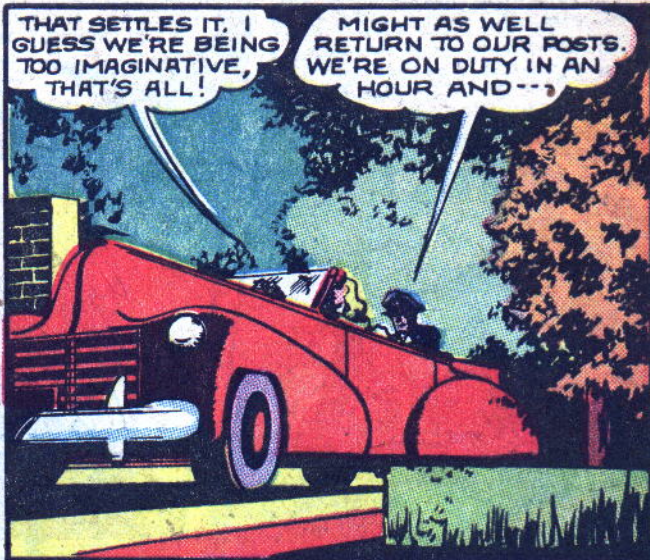
**I'M ON MY WAY!  
JOAN--- AND NO  
GRINNING MOONFACE  
CAN STOP ME!**











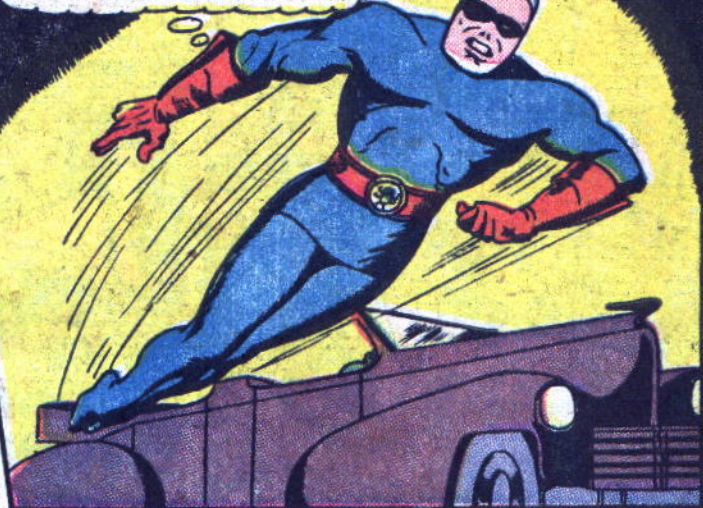


**DROPPING TO THE FLOOR...**

NOW TO MAKE THE SPEED-  
IEST CHANGE IN LESS SPACE  
THAN I'VE EVER HAD TO  
DO BEFORE!



**WHEW! I WOULDN'T LIKE TO  
GO THROUGH THAT AGAIN!**

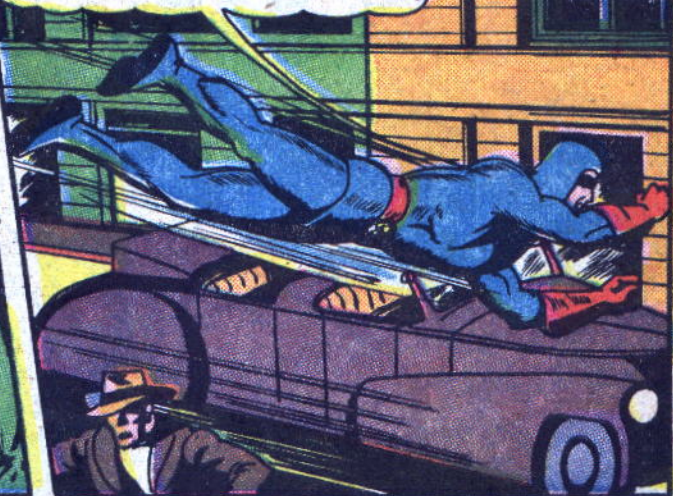


**STOP! IN THE  
NAME OF THE  
LAW!**

**THERE'S SOMETHING  
STRANGE ABOUT  
THAT LAUGH!**



**THAT HORRIBLE FACE! IT'S  
NOT A FACE AT ALL! IT'S A MASK!**



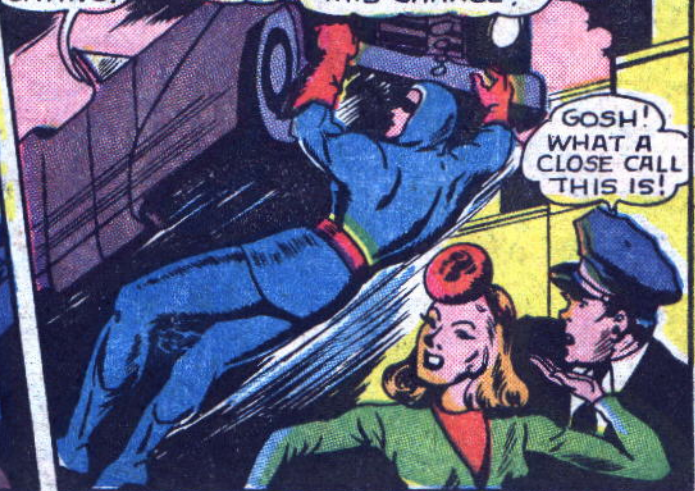
**IT'S BLUE BEETLE!**

**YOU'RE JUST  
IN TIME!**



**HA, HA--  
NOW I'M  
CRYING!**

**I COULDN'T HAVE STOPPED THE CAR FROM  
CRASHING INTO THEM---I HAD TO TAKE  
THIS CHANCE!**

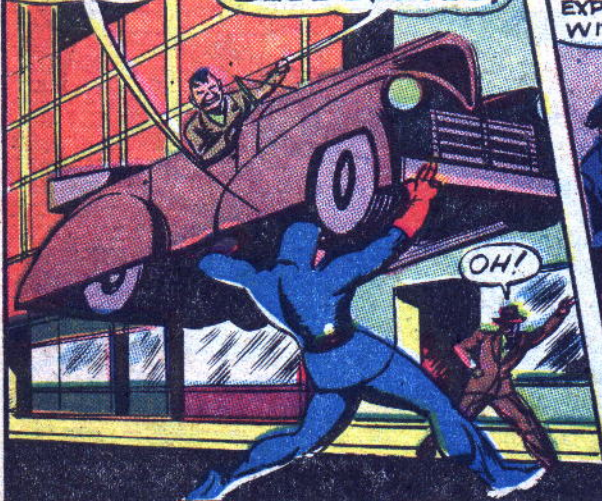


**GOSH!  
WHAT A  
CLOSE CALL  
THIS IS!**



MADE IT! NO ONE HURT!

WHEE! HURRAH FOR BLUE BEETLE!



OH!

ALL RIGHT YOU--  
OUT! YOU HAVE SOME  
EXPLAINING TO DO---  
WITHOUT YOUR MASK!

WHAT?  
MASK? I--UH--



IT'S HARD TO REMEMBER!  
I MET A LITTLE MAN WITH  
A ROUND FACE, LIKE A MOON  
HE MADE ME LAUGH! THAT'S  
ALL I REMEMBER! THE  
NEXT THING YOU PULLED  
ME OUT OF THE CAR!

THAT'S  
STRANGE!  
WHAT ABOUT  
THE MASK?



THE MASK! IT DISAPPEARED!  
ALL THAT'S LEFT ARE A  
FEW ASHES!



A GUST OF WIND ARISES AND---

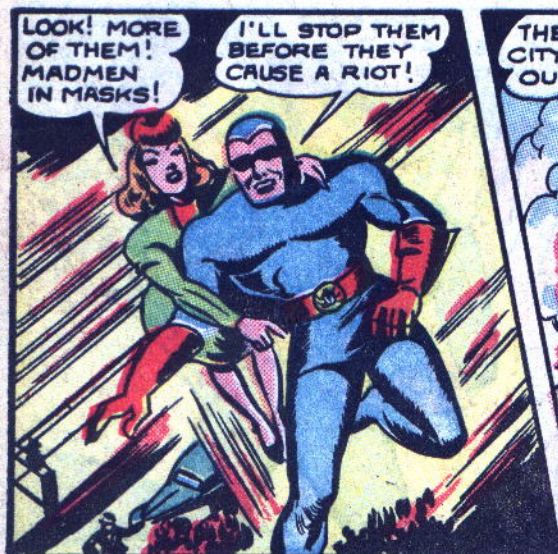
THERE GO THE ASHES NOW!  
----- NOTHING LEFT BUT A  
FAINT ODOR LIKE SOMETHING  
BITTER-- VANISHING TOO!



THERE'S SOMETHING QUEER HERE THAT MUST  
BE CLEARED UP, MIKE! YOU'D BETTER SEE THAT  
THIS MAN GETS MEDICAL ATTENTION! HE MIGHT  
REMEMBER SOMETHING HELPFUL---I'LL SEE  
WHAT I CAN FIND!



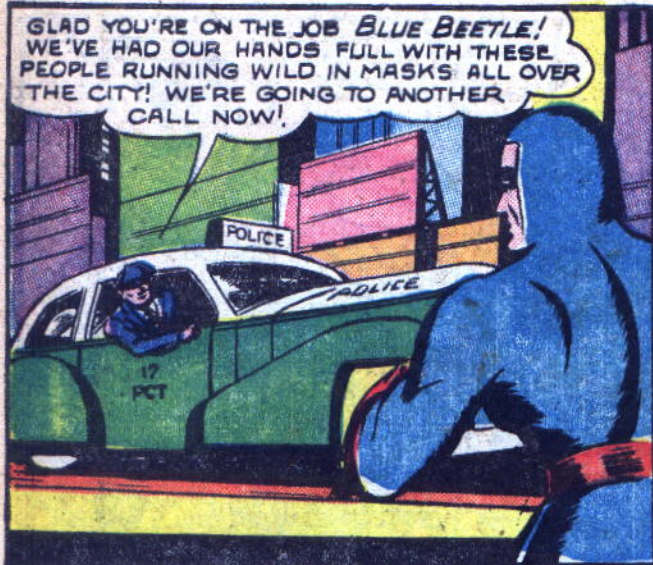










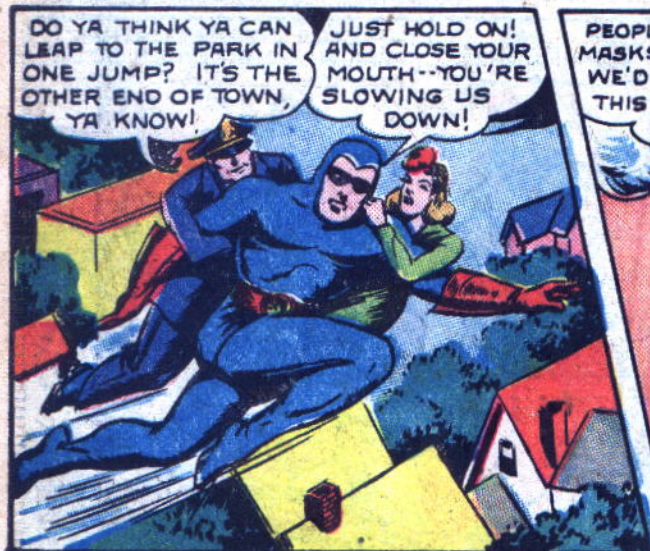


GLAD YOU'RE ON THE JOB **BLUE BEETLE!** WE'VE HAD OUR HANDS FULL WITH THESE PEOPLE RUNNING WILD IN MASKS ALL OVER THE CITY! WE'RE GOING TO ANOTHER CALL NOW!



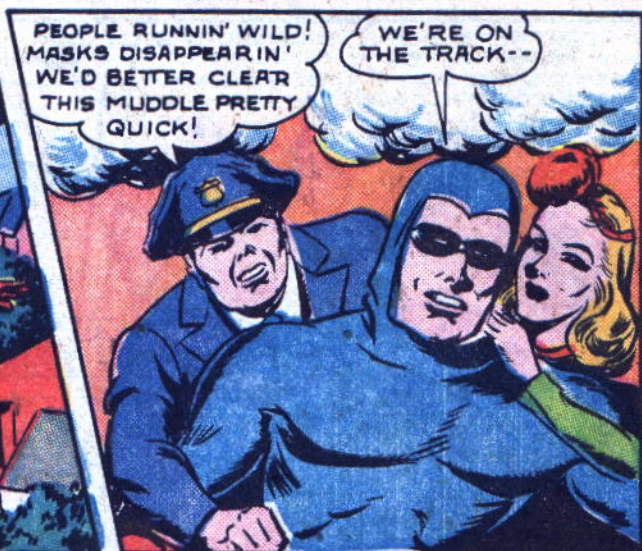
THE JIGSAW PUZZLE IS STRAIGHTENING OUT. THESE PEOPLE MUST BE DECOYS TO KEEP THE POLICE AWAY FROM WHERE THE REAL THING IS GOING TO HAPPEN! I'VE A HUNCH IT'S IN CARNIVAL PARK!

THEN WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?



DO YA THINK YA CAN LEAP TO THE PARK IN ONE JUMP? IT'S THE OTHER END OF TOWN, YA KNOW!

JUST HOLD ON! AND CLOSE YOUR MOUTH--YOU'RE SLOWING US DOWN!



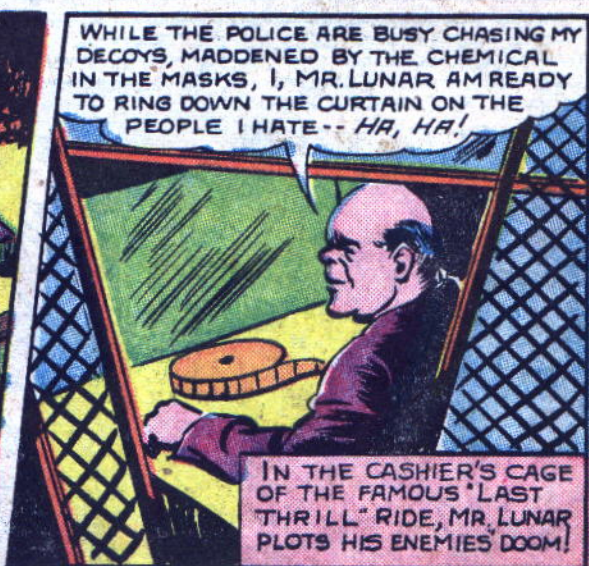
PEOPLE RUNNIN' WILD! MASKS DISAPPEARIN' WE'D BETTER CLEAR THIS MUDDLE PRETTY QUICK!

WE'RE ON THE TRACK--



CARNIVAL PARK!

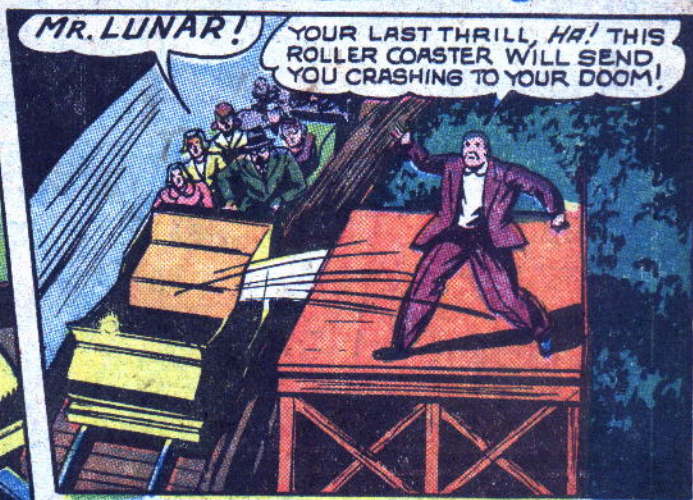
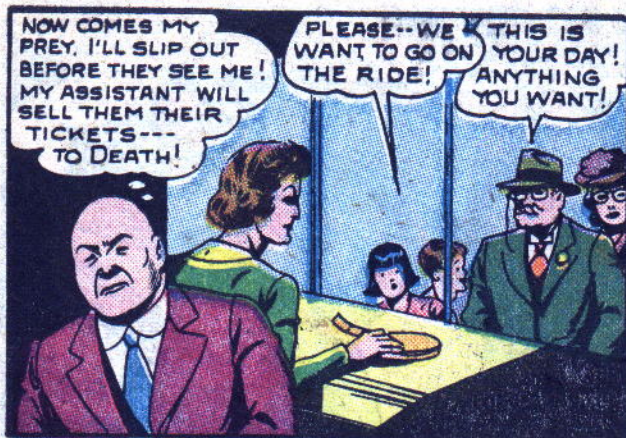
WHERE DEATH IS IN A MERRY MOOD!



WHILE THE POLICE ARE BUSY CHASING MY DECOYS, MADDENED BY THE CHEMICAL IN THE MASKS, I, MR. LUNAR AM READY TO RING DOWN THE CURTAIN ON THE PEOPLE I HATE-- HA, HA!

IN THE CASHIER'S CAGE OF THE FAMOUS "LAST THRILL" RIDE, MR. LUNAR PLOTS HIS ENEMIES DOOM!





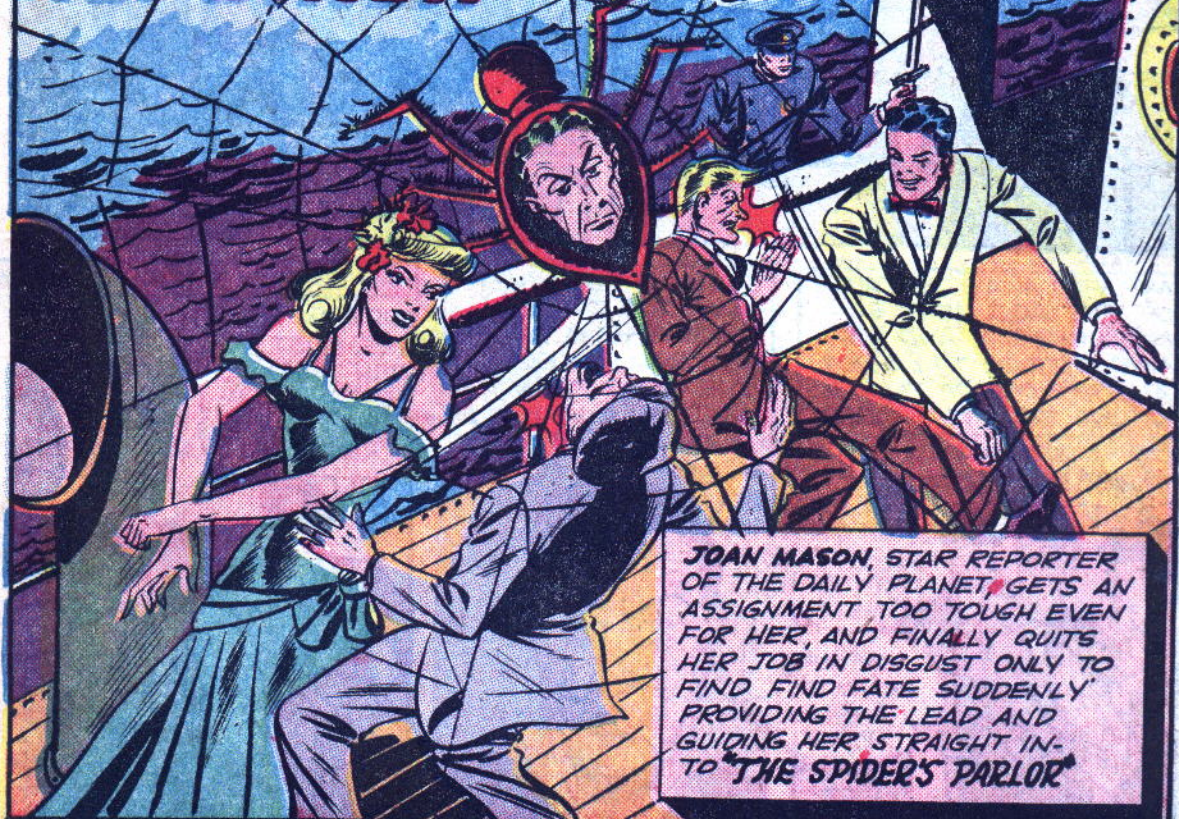






# JOAN MASON

## REPORTER



JOAN MASON, STAR REPORTER OF THE DAILY PLANET, GETS AN ASSIGNMENT TOO TOUGH EVEN FOR HER, AND FINALLY QUILTS HER JOB IN DISGUST ONLY TO FIND FATE SUDDENLY PROVIDING THE LEAD AND GUIDING HER STRAIGHT IN-TO "THE SPIDER'S PARLOR"



YOU'VE BEEN ON THIS CASE MORE THAN A WEEK, JOAN, AND WE'RE STILL NOWHERE! THE BIGGEST STORY OF THE YEAR WAITING TO BE CRACKED WIDE OPEN AND WHAT DO YOU DO? NOTHING!

OH, NOW YOU WANT A MIRACLE WORKER!

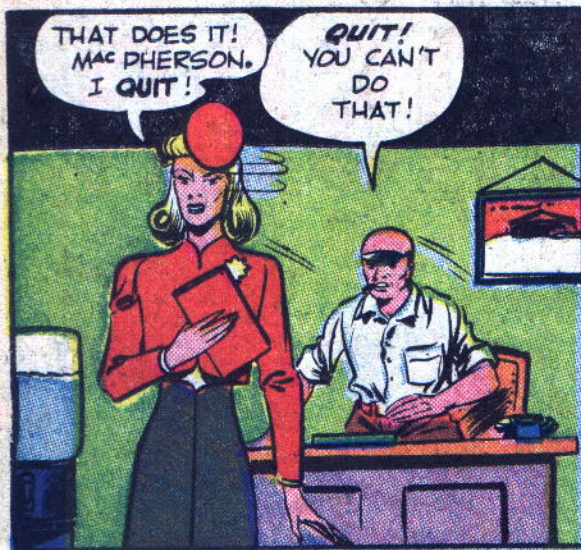
EVERY COP IN THE STATE HAS BEEN AFTER SPIDER SPAULDING AND HIS MOB FOR OVER A YEAR---AND YOU RAISE CAIN BE-

DON'T USE POLICE INCOMPETENCE AS AN EXCUSE FOR YOUR OWN!

CAUSE I HAVEN'T CAUGHT UP TO HIM IN 7 DAYS!

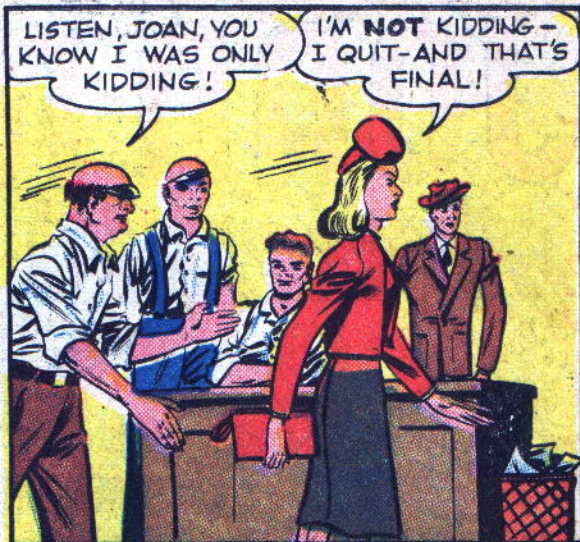






THAT DOES IT!  
MAC PHERSON.  
I QUIT!

QUIT!  
YOU CAN'T  
DO  
THAT!



LISTEN, JOAN, YOU  
KNOW I WAS ONLY  
KIDDING!

I'M NOT KIDDING—  
I QUIT—AND THAT'S  
FINAL!

NOT FAR AWAY THE CAUSE  
OF THE ARGUMENT, SPI-  
DER SPAULDING AND HIS  
MOB, PREPARE TO LAUNCH  
ANOTHER ONE OF THEIR IN-  
GENIUS RACKETS.

DID YA PUT THAT AD IN THE  
PAPER, SPIKE?

I NEVER PULL THE  
SAME JOB TWICE!  
EVERY TIME A DIFFER-  
ENT ANGLE! KEEPS  
THE COPS FROM  
GETTIN' A LINE  
ON US. SEE?

AND OUTSIDE THE DAILY PLANET.

SURE, AN' ME  
EYES MUST BE  
PLAYIN' TRICKS!  
IS THAT THE COM-  
PETITION'S PAPER  
YOU'RE BUYIN'?

OH, HELLO,  
MIKE—DIDN'T  
NOTICE YOU.  
YES, I'M BUY-  
ING A RIVAL  
NEWSPAPER  
TO LOOK  
FOR A JOB.



YEAH, DUTCH RENT-  
ED AN OFFICE AND  
HAD STATIONERY  
PRINTED WERE  
SET!

YOU SURE  
DREAM UP  
ANGLES,  
SPIDER!



BEGORRAH! SURE  
AN' YOU DIDN'T  
QUIT THE DAILY  
PLANET, MISS  
MASON?

SURE, AN!  
THAT'S JUST  
WHAT I'M AF-  
TER DOING, MR  
MANNIGAN. WON-  
DER WHAT THE  
CLASSIFIED  
ADS HAVE  
TO OFFER?

PRESS AGE  
MALE OR FE-  
MALE WITH NEWS-  
PAPER AND AD-  
VERTISING EXPE-  
RIENCE. TO PUB-  
LICIZE EXCLU-  
SIVE SUMMER  
RESORT. SEE  
MR. MANNERS  
RM. 9

SEE YOU LATER,  
MIKE--FROM NOW  
ON I'M A PRESS AGENT!  
NO MORE REPORT-  
ING FOR ME.

SURE,  
AN' I  
CAN'T  
HELP  
THINKIN'  
YOU'RE MAKIN'  
A BIG MISTAKE,  
MISS MASON.





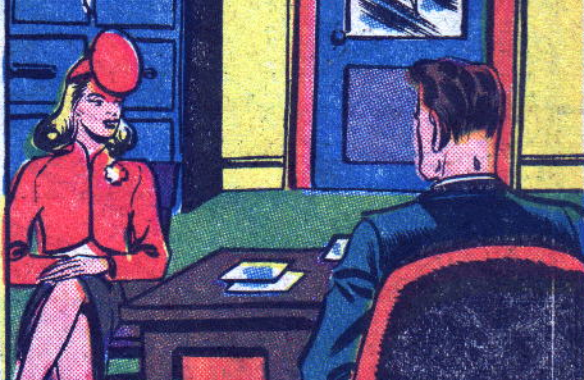
A FEW MINUTES LATER---

MR MANNER? MY NAME IS JOAN MASON. I'M RESPONDING TO YOUR AD FOR A PRESS AGENT.

AH, SIT DOWN, MISS MASON- SAY, YOU'RE NOT THE JOAN MASON? THE REPORTER?

NOT ANY MORE- I QUIT MY JOB AT THE PLAN- ET

THIS CERTAINLY IS A BREAK FOR US YOU DON'T NEED AN INTERVIEW YOU'RE HIRED.



HERE ARE SOME PHOTOS OF LIMPID LAKE RESORT IN VERMONT. JUST COMPLETED. WE WISH TO GET PUBLICITY AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE- THE VACATION SEASON HAS STARTED, AND WE SHOULD ATTRACT AS MANY CUSTOMERS AS WE CAN.

TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T START SOONER

BUT SINCE WHEN DOES SPANISH MOSS GROW AS FAR NORTH AS VERMONT?



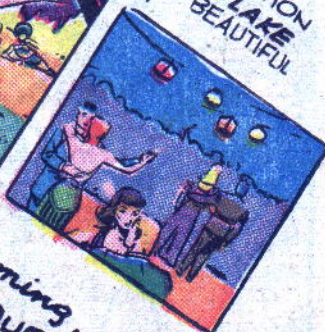
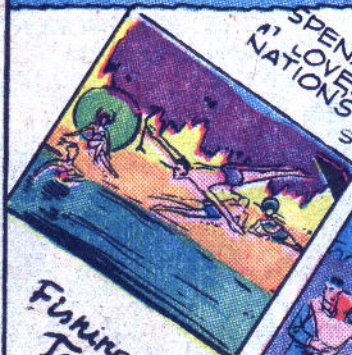
OH, WELL, ER- YOU SEE- WE HAD SOME SHIPPED UP FROM THE SOUTH TO HANG ON THE TREES-- MORE PICTURESQUE, YOU KNOW.

GOOD IDEA. WELL MR. MANNER, SUPPOSE I WORK ON THIS IMMEDIATELY, SO WE CAN GET AN AD IN TOMORROW'S PAPER.



THE FOLLOWING MORNING

NOW FOR YOUR SPENDENJOYMENT- LOVELY YOUR VACATION NATION'S MOST BEAUTIFUL SPOT

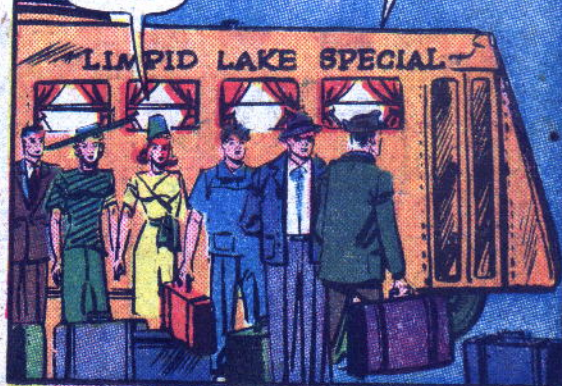


Fishing. Swimming. Tennis etc. OUR LUXURIOUS HOTEL OFFER THE BEST

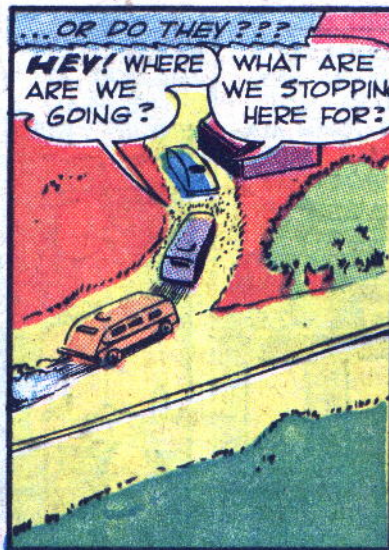
JOAN MASON'S WORK BRINGS QUICK RESULTS

I HOPE THIS RESORT IS ALL THE ADS SAY IT IS

AT FIFTY DOLLARS A DAY, IT HAD BETTER BE!









THAT EVENING...

CHIN UP, JOAN, YOU HAD NO WAY OF KNOWING- EVERYTHING LOOKED LEGITIMATE ENOUGH.

I FEEL LIKE SUCH A FOOL! I GUESS MAC-PHERSON WAS RIGHT!

NOW THE POLICE WILL INVESTIGATE EVERY RESORT WHILE SPIDER AND HIS MOB PULL ANOTHER STUNT!

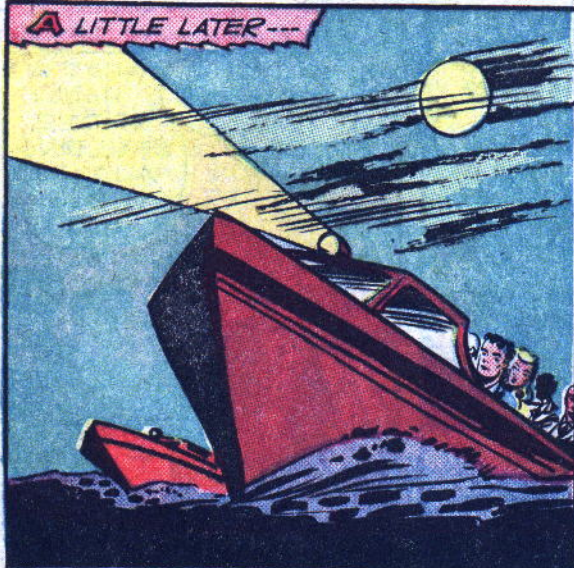
LIKE THE GOOD SHIP SS. SURPRISE FOR INSTANCE?

COULD BE! SAY, JOAN-- YOU NEED SOME LAUGHS AND SO DO I-- LET'S TAKE IN THAT FLOATING NIGHT-CLUB TONIGHT.

IT'S A DATE!



A LITTLE LATER---



AND 12 MILES OUT---

SAY, IS THIS GOING TO BE FUN!

IS THERE A GAMBLING ROOM, TOO?

SURE!



WHAT'S UP, JOAN... WHY DO YOU STOP?

THAT MAN OVER THERE, DENNIS--- THAT'S MR. MANNERS. WE'VE WALKED RIGHT INTO THE SPIDER'S PARLOR

DENNIS! BE CAREFUL!

THE BEST DEFENSE JOAN, IS...



...OFFENSE!

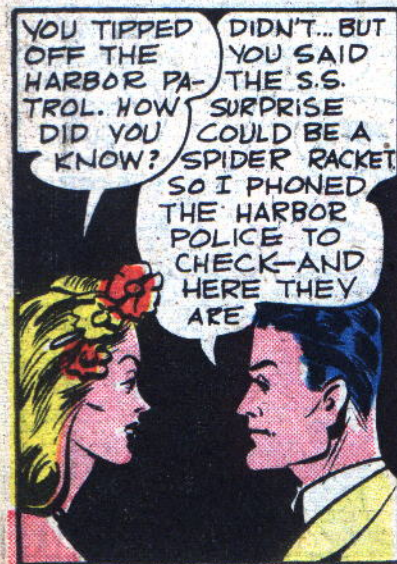
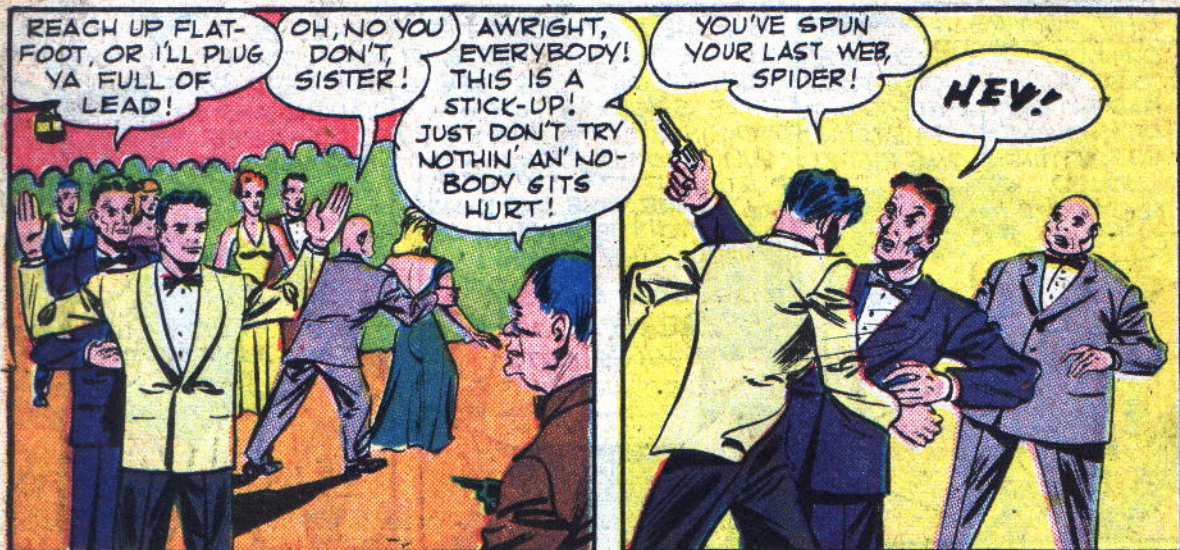
HERE WE GO AGAIN!

HEY! AHHH!

THAT GUY'S A COP!











"CENTER CITY sure is growing up," Sam Bevins observed.

"How do you mean?" District Attorney Tim Fogarty asked.

"Well," the ace investigator of the D. A.'s office replied, "I never heard of a gambling syndicate in a one-horse town."

"You think there's a syndicate here?" Fogarty asked.

"I'm sure of it. For one thing, there's ex-assemblyman Thorne Hollister. He appears in court for all the gamblers."

"That's natural," Fogarty objected. "Hollister has quite a reputation for getting acquittals in gambling indictments. It's natural when a gambler's in trouble to retain Hollister."

"It's natural that a big shot like Tony Wayne should retain Hollister," Sam reasoned. "But take a little numbers runner like Carl Wister—where does he get off paying one of Hollister's fees?"

"I've been getting little tips from lots of places," Sam continued. "Nothing definite, you know, but a hipt here and there."

"What do you suggest?" asked Fogarty.

"Keep doing just what we're doing," Sam said. "If we hit them hard enough, we're bound to make it unprofitable for them."

"How about raiding the Golden Cat next?" Fogarty suggested.

"That's Sime Lovett's outfit," Sam mused. "High class stuff. Not until Friday."

"That's four days," figured Fogarty. "Any special reason?"

"A good one," Sam promised. "Sime's no sucker. He'll get tipped off. We want a conviction, don't we?"

"Right!" agreed Fogarty.

"Leave it to me," Sam got up. "When you walk into court, you'll pull a fast one on Hollister."

The D. A. smiled fondly upon his young investigator.

They raided the Golden Cat on Friday. As Sam had anticipated, the police burst into a room full of gambling equipment, but not a soul was there. Nevertheless, the police pulled in Sime Lovett for gambling.

Fogarty had just started to question Sime, when Thorne Hollister appeared. The lawyer was tall, grey, distinguished. He moved with the confidence of long experience. Disdainfully, he questioned the charges against his client, Sime Lovett.

"Gambling, and running a gambling establishment," Fogarty told the older lawyer.

"I assume you caught Mr. Lovett in the act of gambling?" Hollister asked softly, as softly as when he was laying a trap for a witness.

"I think the proper place to try a case is in the courtroom," Fogarty did not fall into the trap. "Now, if you want to arrange bail—"

"Just thought I'd prevent you from making a mistake," Hollister observed airily. "If I remember correctly, the law requires proof of ownership or control in cases of running a gambling establishment—"

"Isn't Sime, here, the owner of the Golden

Cat?" Fogarty demanded.

Hollister pulled a folded document from his inner jacket pocket. He let it drop open before Fogarty's eyes.

"I have here the original bill of sale, whereby one Sime Lovett, party of the first part, sells to Ricco Martini, party of the second part—"

"Let me see," Fogarty snatched the paper from the lawyer's hand. He looked through it, handed it back.

"We're still holding Lovett," he told Hollister.

If Hollister was puzzled, not a muscle in his face showed it. Quietly, he arranged for bail, leaving with his client in tow.

Fogarty waited for them to leave, then waved out the arresting police officers. Alone with Sam Bevins, he demanded, "Did you figure on that one?"

"No," admitted Sam, "but I was playing safe. When I asked you to hold off the raid, I wanted a chance to plant a friend of mine with a camera. He's a whizz. Got candid of Sime himself paying out money—red-handed—a complete case."

"Fine!" exulted the D. A. "We'll only make one change. If Ricco Martini is owner, we'll add him to the indictment."

Sam nodded. "He's only a stooge for Sime," he admitted, "but we want 'em all. After a while, the small fry may get the idea that it's dangerous, stooging for the big boys."

"I'm just waiting to see Hollister's face, when I show those pictures as evidence," laughed Fogarty.

Hollister reacted even more favorably than Fogarty had expected. He put up his usual brilliant fight to have the pictures declared incompetent as evidence, but after the judge ruled to accept them, Hollister relapsed into a strange silence.

Both Sime Lovett and Ricco Martini were found guilty. Hollister took his objections quietly, then turned to Fogarty. "I'm glad," he told the D. A., "that I never pulled the one about forgetting more law than you ever knew. You sure pulled a smart one this afternoon."

"Thanks," Fogarty was wary of Hollister's praise.

"How about a drink, on me?" Hollister proposed.

"Thanks—but—"

"The office, then?" Hollister pressed. "I'd like to speak to you—privately."

"Any time you drop in," Fogarty told him.

Hollister walked in the next morning. Sam Bevins had to cool his heels impatiently while Fogarty held audience with the lawyer. But he saw Hollister leave, at last, and rushed into the D. A.'s room.

"Bet I know what he told you," Sam told the D. A. "How much did he offer you?"

"How in the world—?" Fogarty demanded.

"It's a cinch, Fogarty, if they can't beat you in court, they try to buy you. Right?"

"You're right about the bribe. That's why Hollister wanted to speak to me alone. No witnesses."

"What did he offer?" demanded Sam.



"Twenty-five thousand," Fogarty told him. "Why?"

"I want to know how much they're worried about you," Sam explained. "Twenty-five G's shows plenty of worry—and—"

"Yes?" prompted Fogarty.

"Knowing you won't touch it," Sam spoke slowly, "it spells—trouble."

"Sam," Fogarty smiled, "when I took this job, I expected trouble. Who's next?"

Sam grinned back. The investigator had turned down better jobs, for one reason only. They didn't come any squarer than Fogarty. But they were headed for trouble. Sam resolved to keep both eyes open.

Two more gamblers were indicted and convicted. Sam should have been feeling fine, as he did when things went right. But he knew there was something in the wind. Gambling was too profitable to give up without a struggle, especially with a syndicate.

Trouble came from such an unexpected quarter that Sam was caught flatfooted. He received a call to come to Fogarty's office, and rushed up. One look at the young D. A. and Sam's heart sank. Fogarty was white—trembling. For the first time since Sam knew him he saw fear in Fogarty's eyes.

"Sam," Fogarty gasped, "they've got Adele!" The D. A. swallowed deeply and coughed. He looked up at his investigator. "It was a man's voice on the phone. They want twenty-five thousand dollars to release her."

Adele was the young wife of the D. A. Sam knew how much Fogarty loved her.

"Twenty-five thousand," he mused. "That's what Hollister offered you to sell out."

"Yes."

"You could get the money from Hollister—get Adele back."

"I know," Fogarty looked at Sam. But Sam knew without speaking that Fogarty would never sell out.

Sam glanced at his watch. It was barely ten A.M.

"When did you get the call?" Sam asked.

"Half-hour ago," Fogarty guessed.

"Where would Adele have been at 9:30 in the morning?"

"Home, most likely. I don't know."

"Don't worry," Sam assured his friend. "Leave it to me, will you?"

Sam left before Fogarty could ask any questions. Sam was sure he'd take care of everything, but how he would start, he had no idea.

Grabbing a cab to the apartment house where the Fogartys had a suite on the eighth floor, he let himself in with the D. A.'s key. Everything was in order. The bed was unmade, and the breakfast dishes were in the sink. Nothing odd there.

On the way out, Sam beckoned to the uniformed doorman.

"This elevator is always self-service, isn't it?" he asked.

"Sure," the starter told him. "Did it stick?"

"No. Now, did you see Mrs. Fogarty go out this morning?"

The starter looked at Sam with suspicion, and the investigator flashed his badge. The doorman shook his head.

"Haven't seen her today. Isn't she upstairs?"

Sam's questions were answered with clarity. The doorman was at his post since eight o'clock; he knew Mrs. Fogarty very well; she had not come out. Yes, he admitted, there was another exit. The service elevator which ran into the cellar. The porter, Frank, ran it when he got a signal.

Sam headed for the cellar. Frank, a skinny youth, looked with surprise at Sam's shield.

"I—I didn't do nothin'—" he started.

"Take it easy," Sam assured him. "All I want to know is—Did you take Mrs. Fogarty down this morning?"

Frank shook his head. Sam tried again.

"Did you take down any large packages from the eighth floor? Maybe a laundry basket—a trunk—anything big?"

"No sir," Frank denied. "Not from the whole building. Last time I took something big on the elevator, was when Mr. Jones moved into the house. Then I took it in—not out. The furniture, I mean, and that was last week. Mr. Jones is a nice tenant—tips me regular."

Sam took the hint. His hand came out of his pocket with folded bill. Frank grinned.

"One more thing," Sam asked. "Did you leave the cellar this morning?"

"Sure," Frank admitted cheerfully. "On errands."

There was a ring on the service elevator. Frank started to get into the car.

"Sorry, but that must be Mr. Jones, the new tenant on the seventh. Sends me out for things, and tips me swell. Sent me for sleeping pills last night—and I got a buck."

The elevator door clanged shut, as Frank rose to earn another tip. Sam walked up the stairs to the lobby, then whirled in sudden thought. He ran for the elevator and pressed the button for the eighth floor. Slipping into the D. A.'s apartment, he tiptoed stealthily to the bedroom window. Opening it, he slid onto the fire escape.

He catfooted down to the seventh, and slipped over to the window. The shade was down, and it was locked. Sam worked the blade of his knife—the window eased up.

As he moved the windowshade aside, a beam of sunlight fell on the sleeping face of Adele Fogarty. Sam got into the room. Adele was breathing easily, but deeply—evidently drugged.

Sam's jumpy nerves felt, rather than heard, the noise in the doorway. He whirled, dropping as he did so. The bullet took off his hat, but Sam felt no pain as the gun blasted. Before the little man in the doorway could shoot again, Sam fired. The little man went down.

Later, Sam told Fogarty, who was sitting near the bed, holding Adele's hand:

"I felt sure the doorman and Frank were telling me the truth. Neither had seen Adele come out. Then Frank tells me about this new tenant on the seventh floor. I didn't connect it up at first, but when he told about getting sleeping pills for him, something clicked. Why should the man send Frank on small errands, unless he was building up for the time, when he would have to stay in—maybe, watching somebody."

"It seemed crazy at first. But then, what was sane about a kidnapping at 9:30 in the morning? If nobody had seen Adele going out, why couldn't she still be in the place?"

"Another thing—I'd been grousing about the tips on when we were raiding gambling joints. I figured some cops slipped out the information. But, suppose that your own house were wired for a dictaphone? More reasonable than thinking the cops were crooked. If so—the seventh floor again. Right under your own apartment. So—I took a chance."

"And what results!" the D. A. exulted. "Aside from getting you back, dear," he smiled at Adele, "Sam found a little black book on Jones, which tied up the whole affair. Hollister was not only the lawyer for the syndicate—he was the syndicate."



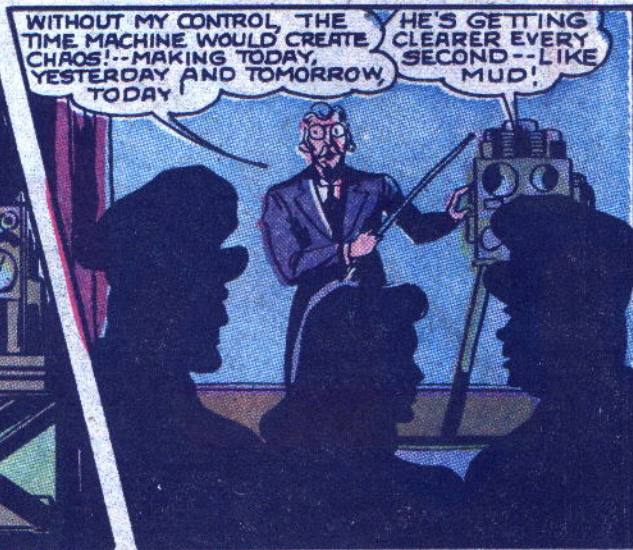
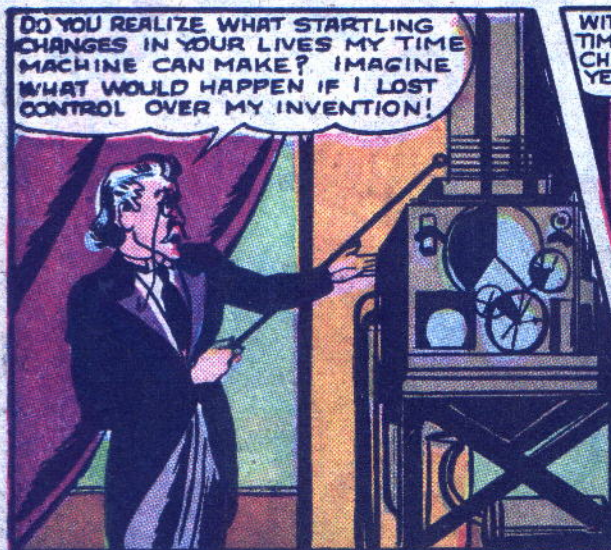
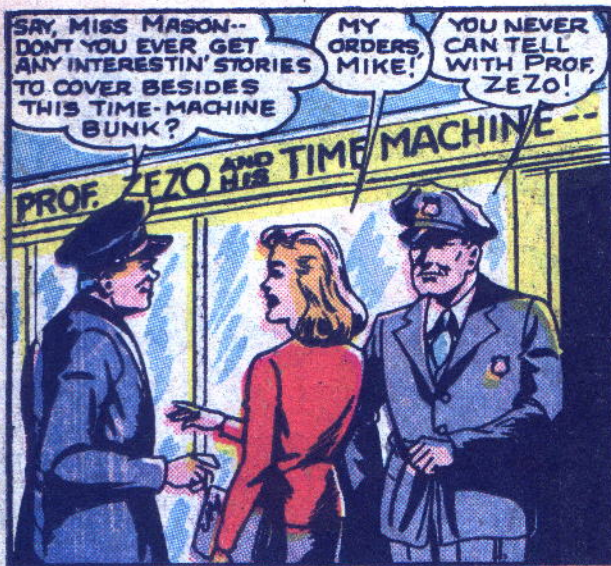
# BLUE BEETLE

IN "THE MAN WHO STOLE  
24 HOURS!"---



COME WITH **BLUE BEETLE**---  
IN REALITY, DAN GARRET, ROOKIE  
POLICEMAN, ON HIS MOST UNUSUAL  
ADVENTURE IN WHICH THE ENTIRE  
WORLD TURNS TOPSY-TURVY IN A  
MAD TALE OF TOMORROW---WHICH  
HAPPENS TODAY--- BECAUSE OF  
THE MAN WHO STOLE 24 HOURS!

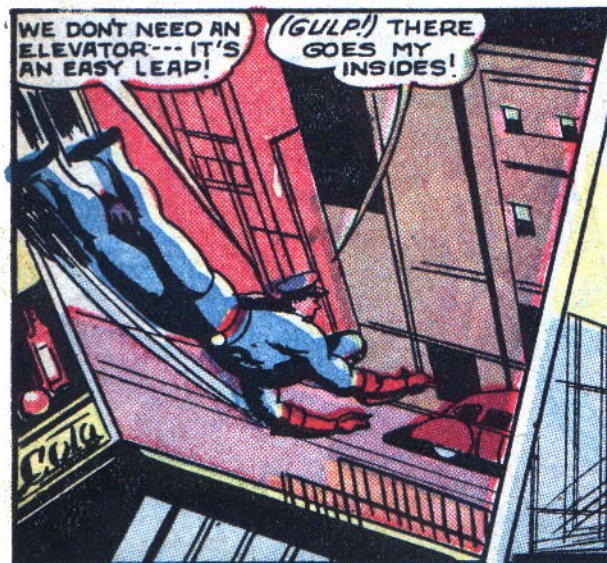
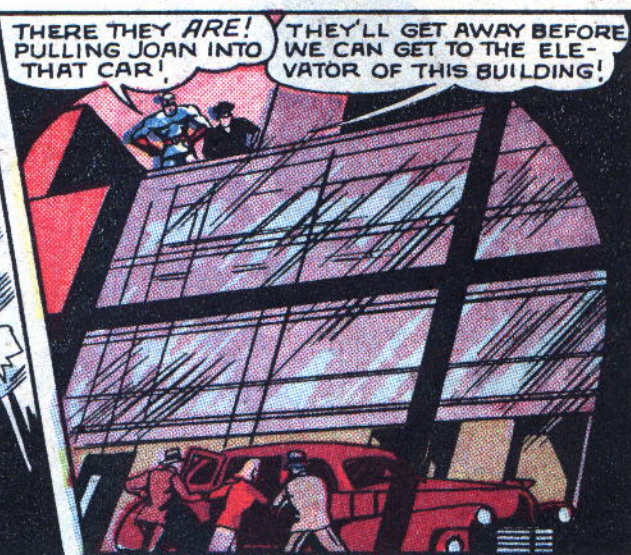
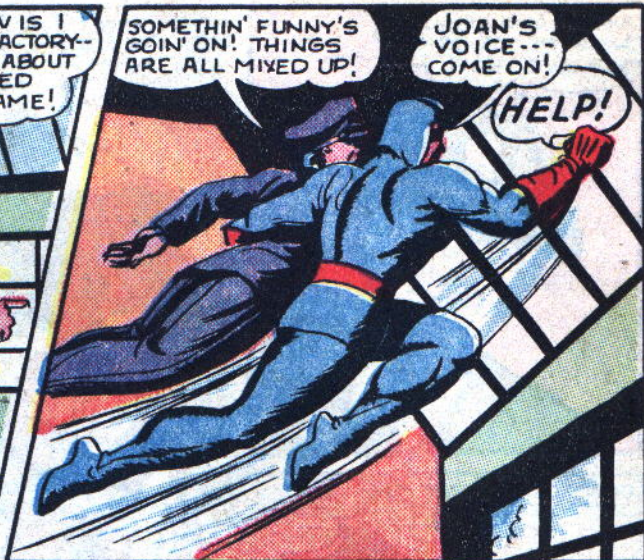




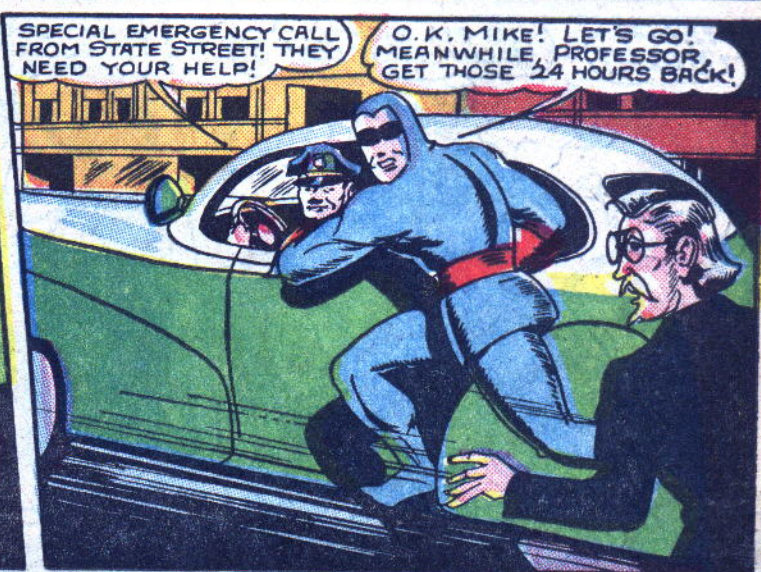
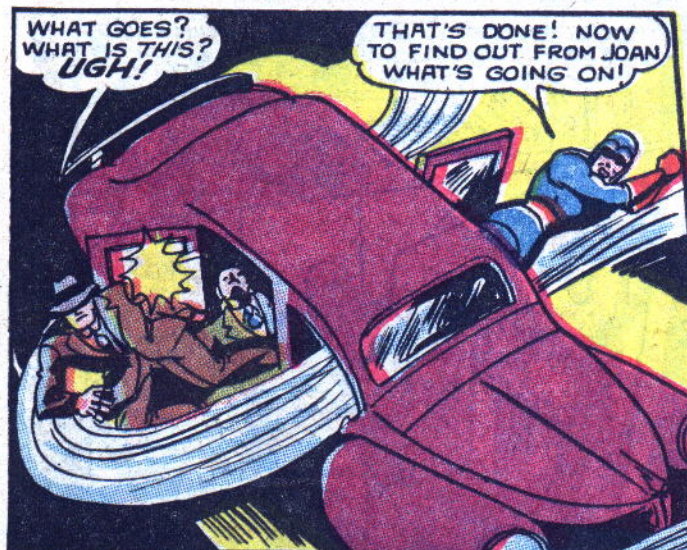
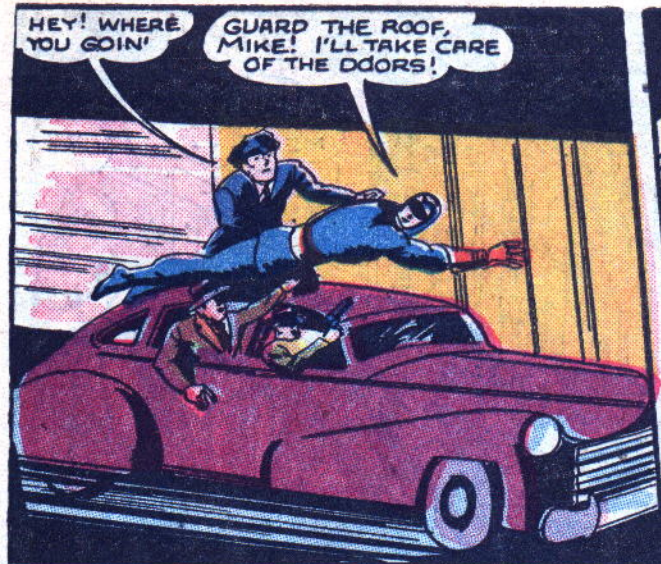




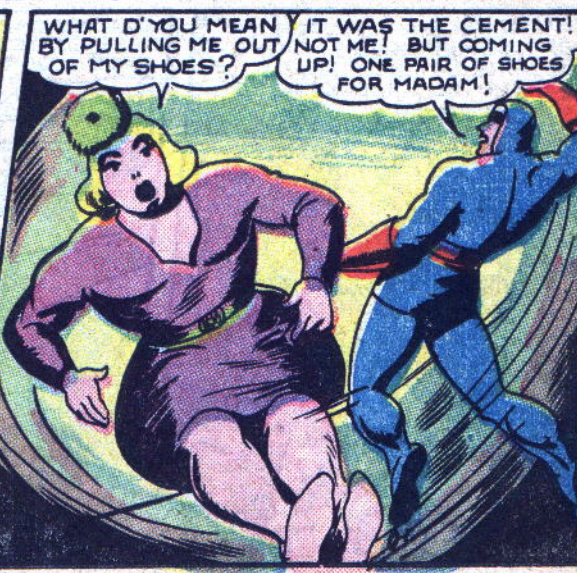
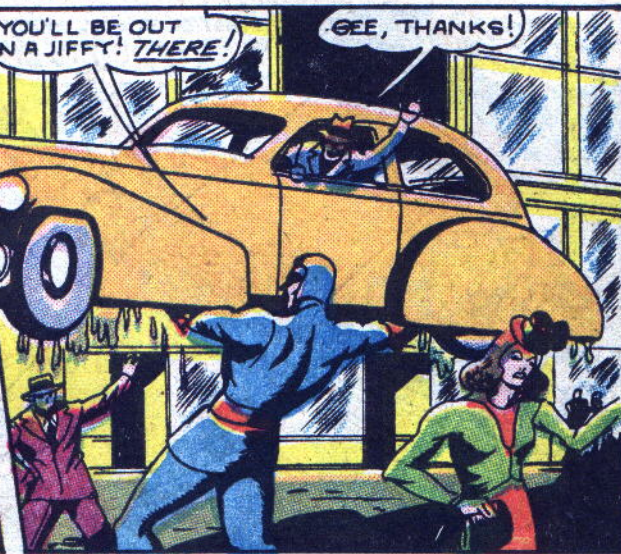




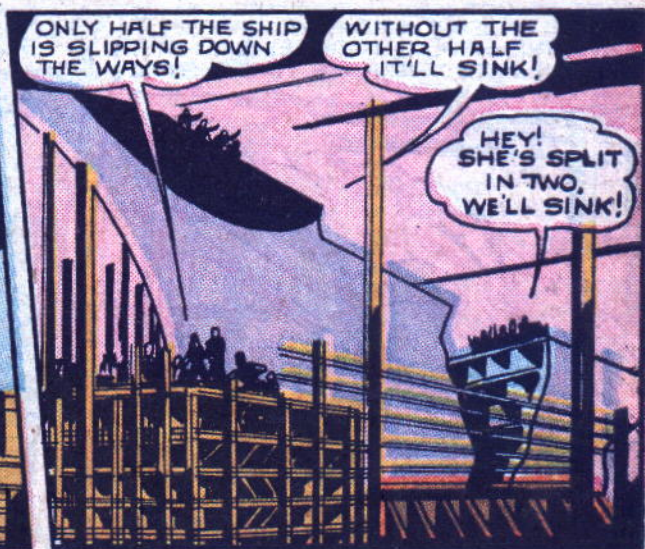
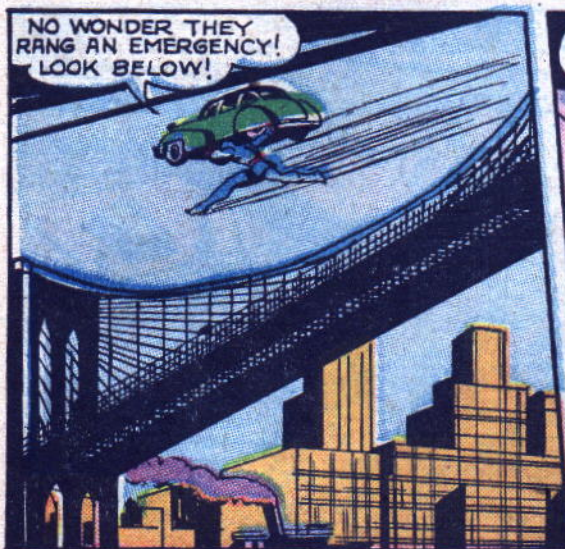
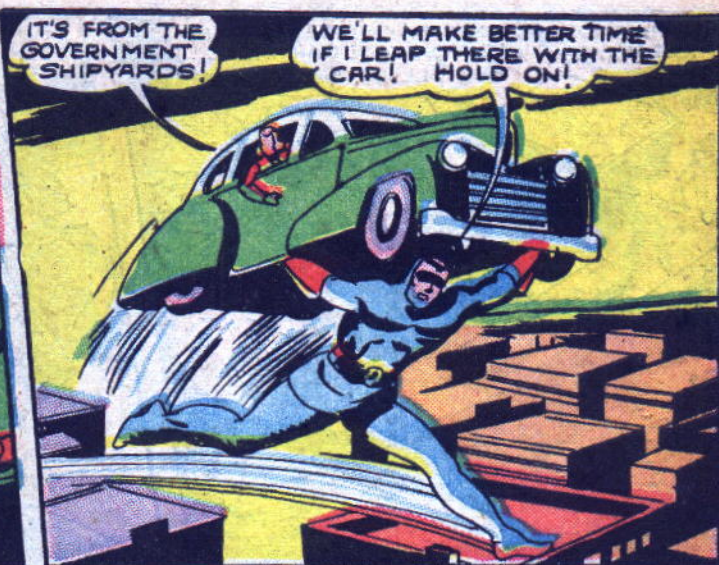




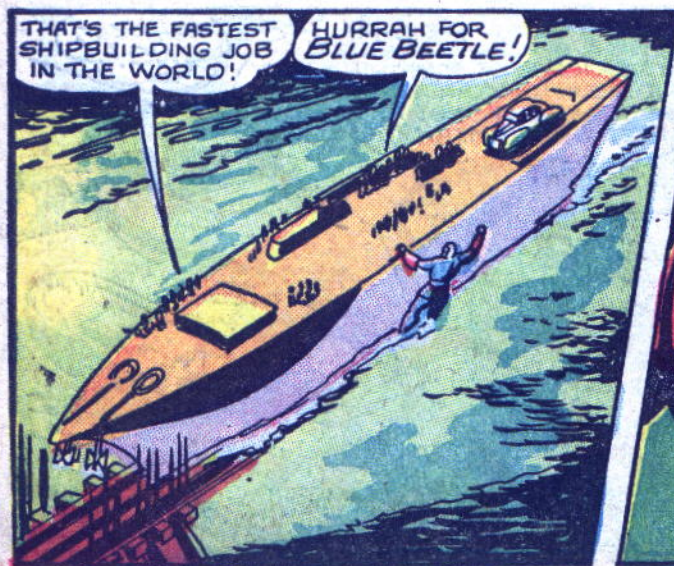
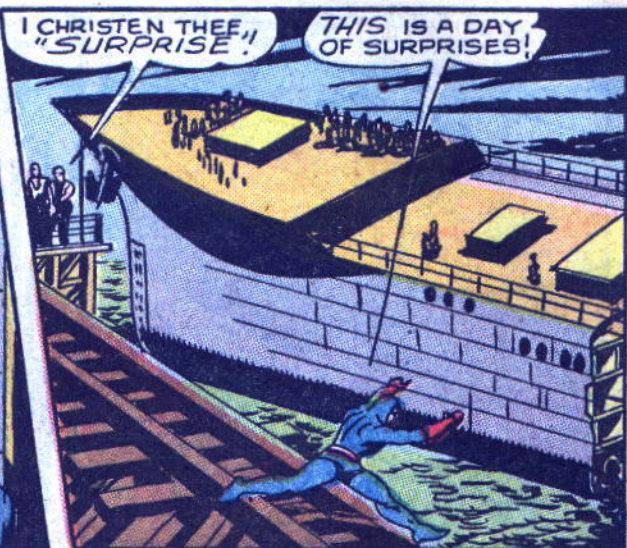




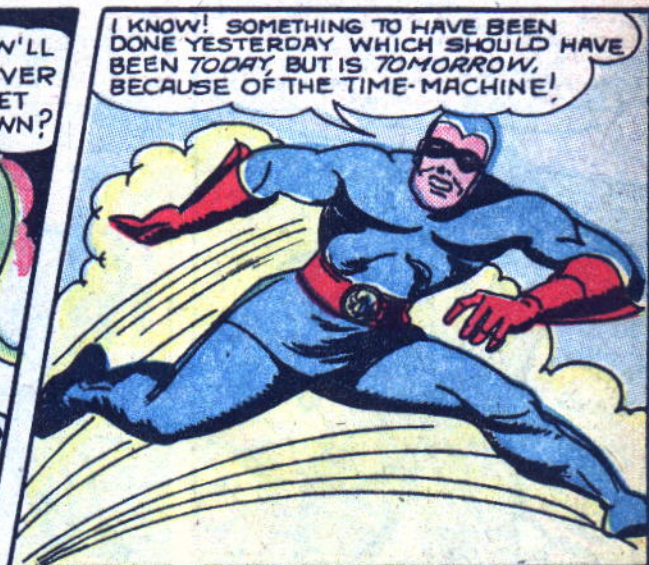
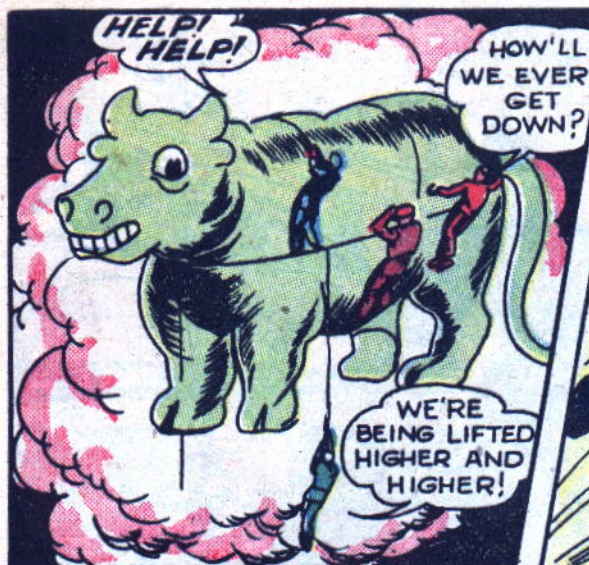










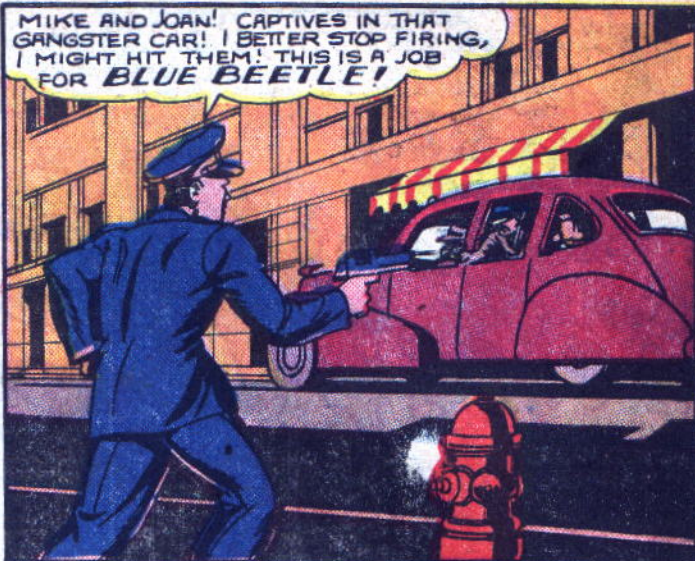




WHAT'S HAPPENED? OH--- BUT NOW IT'S TODAY--- AND I'M DAN GARRET AGAIN! BUT HOW DID I GET INTO THAT PIANO FACTORY? WHY-- THE PEOPLE DUCKING BULLETS!



MIKE AND JOAN! CAPTIVES IN THAT GANGSTER CAR! I BETTER STOP FIRING, I MIGHT HIT THEM! THIS IS A JOB FOR **BLUE BEETLE**!



I'LL DUCK IN HERE AND CHANGE INTO **BLUE BEETLE**!



THAT CAR IS GOING TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BUILDING! I'LL LEAP UP TO IT AND---



THEY JUST WENT INTO THAT PIANO FACTORY! I'LL HOP THROUGH A WINDOW AND SURPRISE THEM!



SING 'I'M TO SLEEP WITH YOUR TOMMYGUNS!

SO YOU WANT TO PLAY MUSICAL GAMES!



OH-HO! SO THIS IS HOW IT ALL HAPPENED!



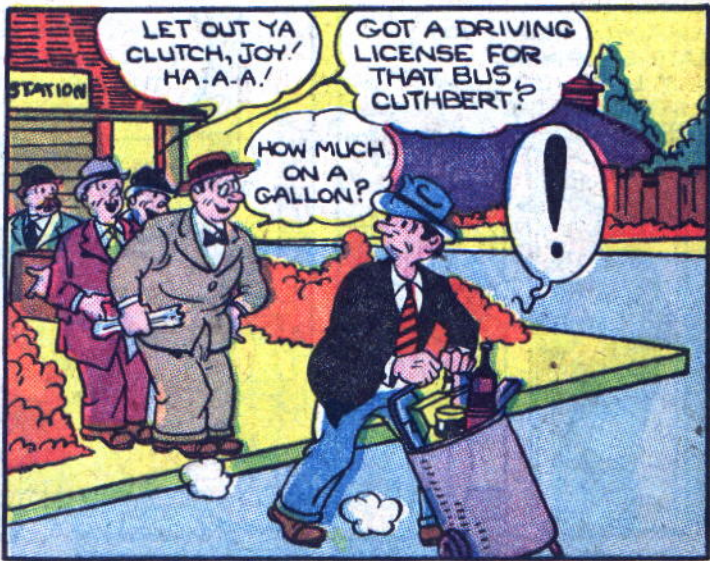
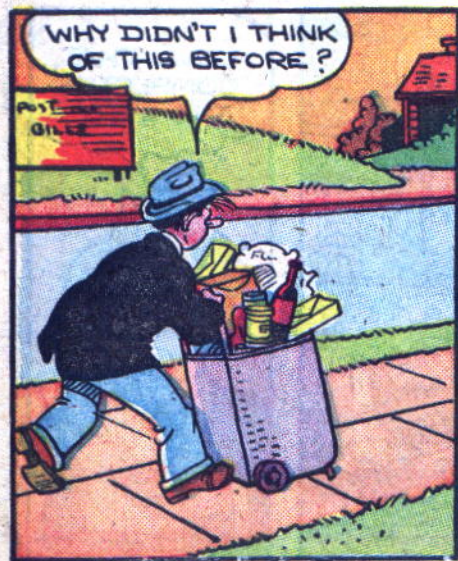
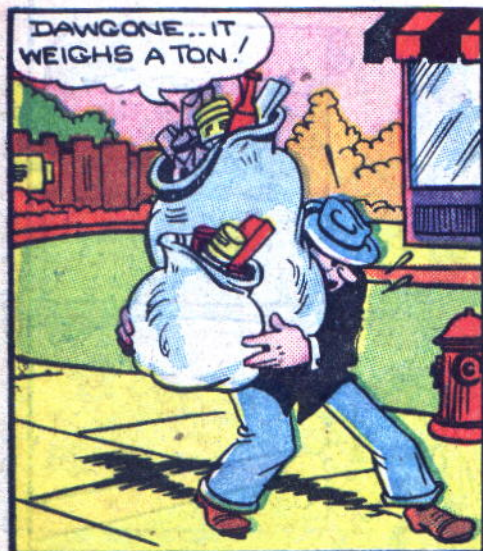


# THE JOY FAMILY

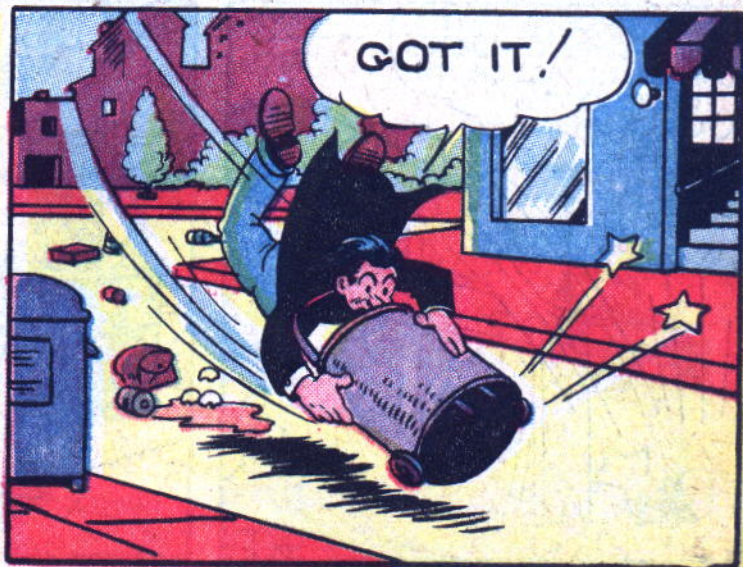
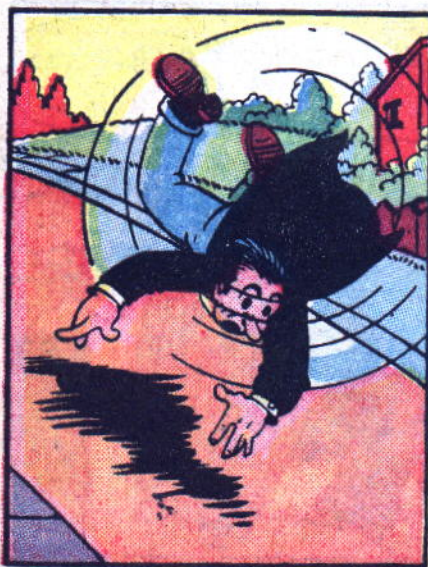
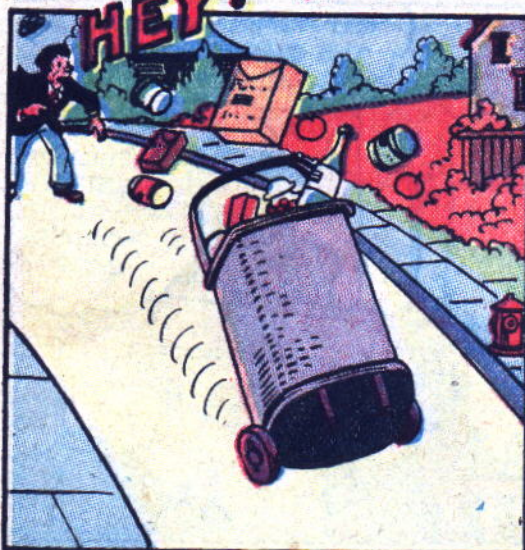
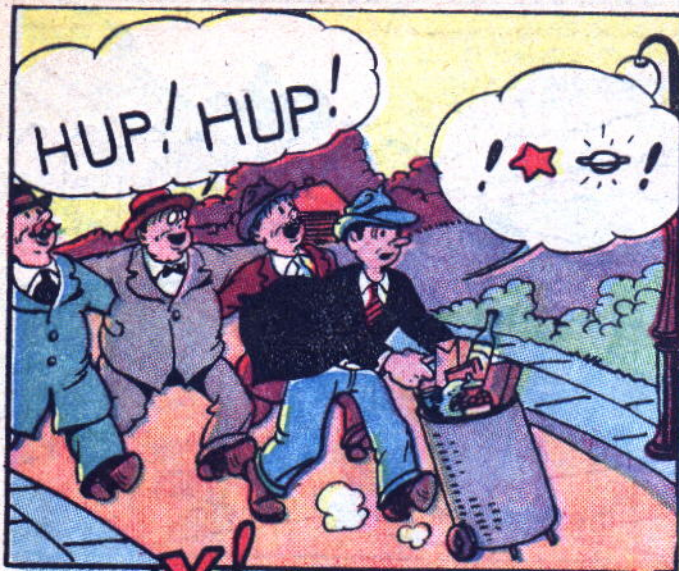
BY  
HAL  
GEORGE



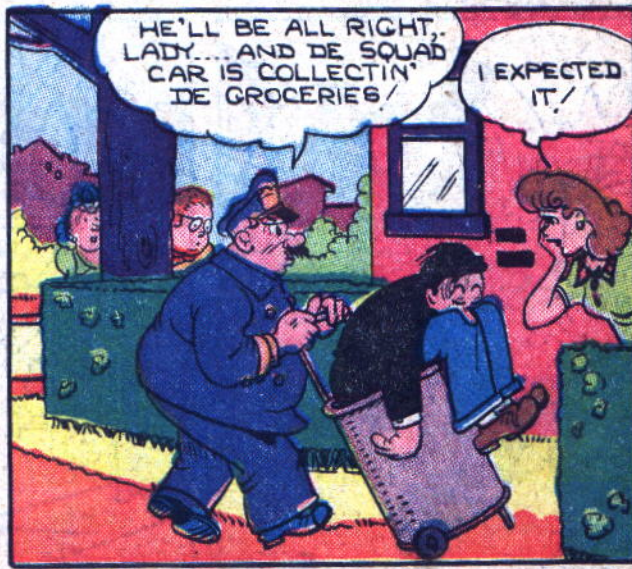
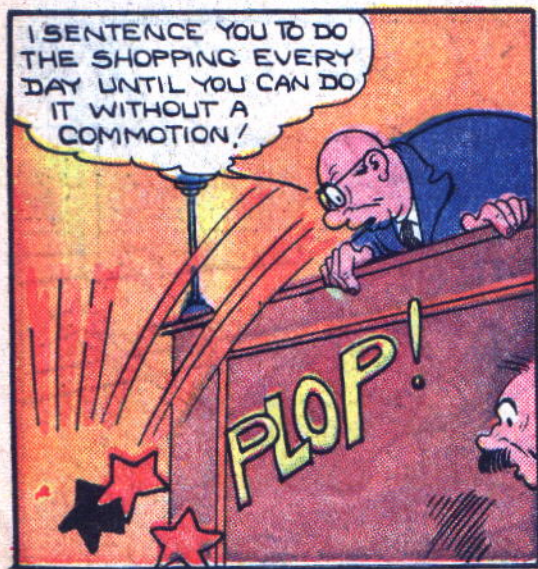
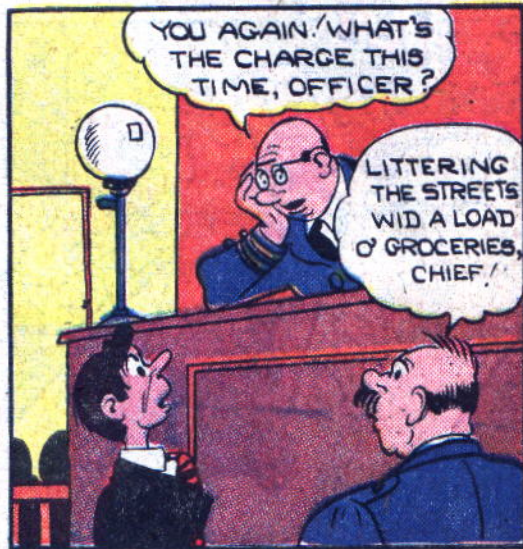
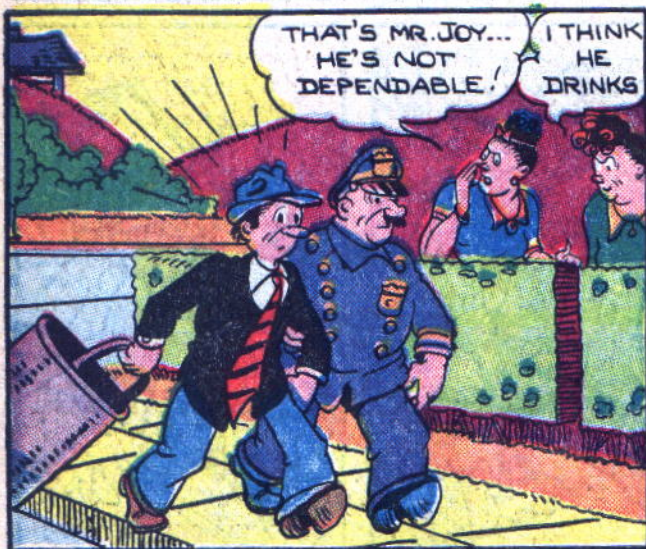
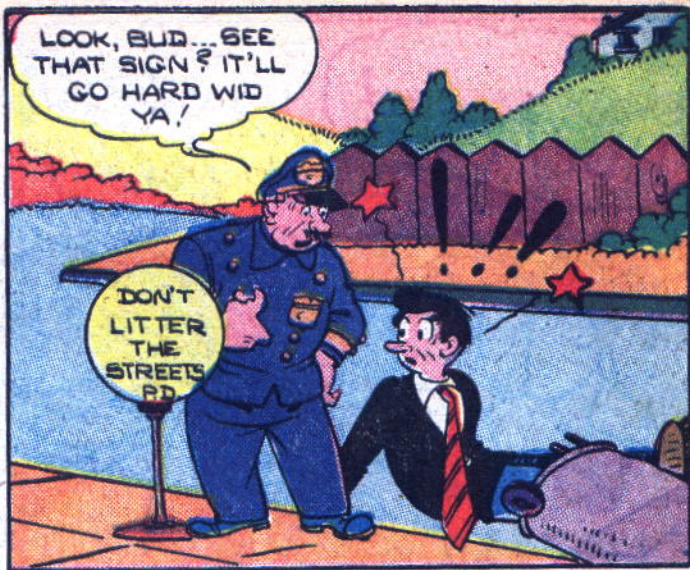


















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than any other man. OUR 40th YEAR.


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 "Up to our necks in Radio-Television work. Four other NRI men work here. Am happy with my work."—Glen Peterson, Bradford, Ont., Canada.

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 "Am with WCOC. NRI course can't be beat. No trouble passing 1st class Radio-phone license exam."—Jesse W. Parker, Meridian, Mississippi.

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**How to Be a  
Success  
in RADIO-  
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RADIO



ROY ROGERS  
FLASH CAMERA



ROY ROGERS  
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GABBY HAYES  
FISHING KIT



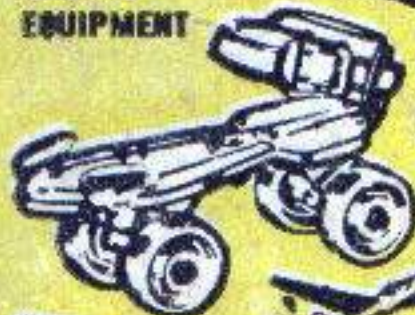
RADIUM DIAL  
POCKET WATCH



GIRLS' SHOULDER-  
STRAP BAG



SPORTS  
EQUIPMENT



ROLLER  
SKATES



JET ENGINE  
PLANE FLIES  
500 FEET!

WALKING  
DOLL



HUNTING  
KNIFE AND AX



TWO-  
GUN  
HOLSTER SET

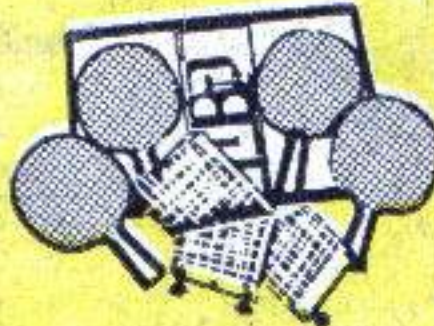
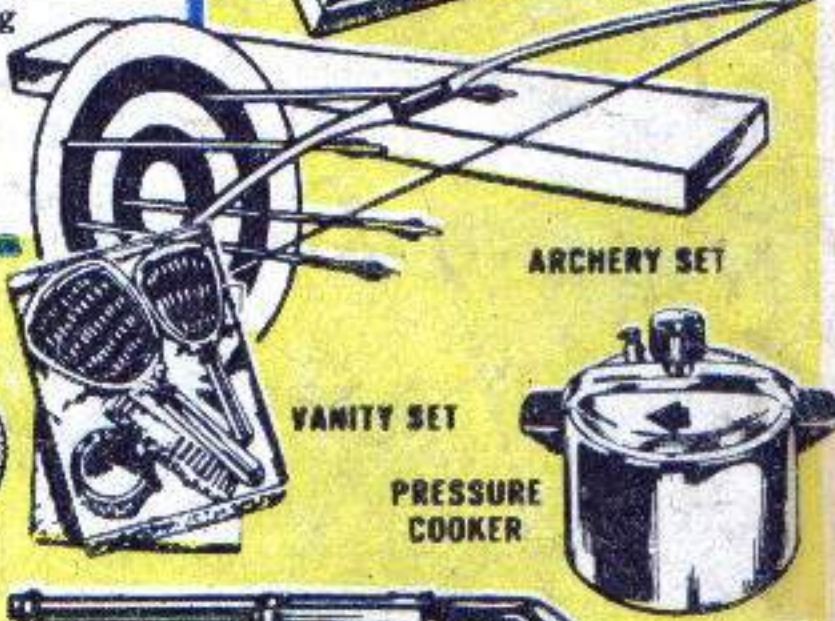


TABLE TENNIS SET



CHEMISTRY SET



ARCHERY SET



RED RYDER CARBINE



PRESSURE  
COOKER



WOODBURNING  
SET



TYPEWRITER



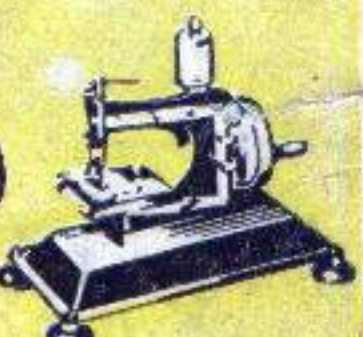
WHITE ZIPPER  
BIBLE



UKELELE  
WITH ARTHUR  
GODFREY PLAYER



RADIO RECEIVING  
SET FOR SCOUTS



SEWING MACHINE

MEN - WOMEN - BOYS - GIRLS

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